The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

—Courtesy of *Society of the Little Flower*, Chicago.

The Little Flower's Charity towards the Sick

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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

REV. JOACHIM BENSON, M.S., SS.T. "War does not come from God. It comes from inside a man. If only the press would take to itself an extension of the October intention, not only that the knowledge of the missions may be more widely diffused through the press, but that the knowledge of God, of His Church, His Commandments, His Sacraments, may be better understood and loved by His Catholic people!" Such is the challenge which Father Benson, editor of *Preservation of the Faith* and of the Preservation of the Faith Press, draws from the mission intention of this month.

DR. LALINSKY. Some months ago we published a picture of Doctor and "smiling Tim." Now we have the whole story of the little fellow.

SISTER HELEN continues her description of her visit to the holy places in Jerusalem.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL is here once more. The Red Cross Service has cooperated to give our readers an account of its accomplishments in mission countries.

Mary, Help of Christians

One reads numberless grave statements about the present-day situation in the world—of the clash of fundamental concepts, of tyrannical dictatorships versus democratic ideals, of world dominion by the godless versus a restoration of everything in Christ.

"Restaurare omnia in Christo" was the program launched by Pope Pius X. It was taken up, it has gained momentum, but when matched with the forces of evil, it seems small in volume, unaggressive, almost doomed to be buried in the avalanche of opposing elements.

Looked at from a purely human standpoint, the prognosis is bad; the body of the human race is sick. The blood of the Mystical Body of Christ is cut off from many limbs. As a result, they have withered or have become gangrenous or leprous or have died.

How to restore them all in Christ? It is a superhuman task. We poor mortals can labor, fight, sacrifice for the cause of right and plead with the Lord of heaven and earth to stay His mighty arm and have mercy. If we do all in our power, we have reason to be confident that our efforts will not be in vain. But if we had an advocate who is all-powerful at the throne of God, how optimistic, how hopeful, how sure of success would we be!

That we have such an advocate is no secret; she is known to all Catholics, and she is accessible to all. She is a Mother full of love and pity for us, her children, and she is the Mother of the Son of God, Who can not refuse her anything. Mary, the Mother of Christ and our Mother, is our "Star of Hope" in these troubled times. "Help of Christians" is an old invocation, and one that can be understood in the light of events of past ages. History repeats itself—troubles of our day are not new. Turks and Saracens, Huns and Vandals, threatened the ruin and extinction of Christian civilization. They were powerful, they were ruthless, they left sorrow, devastation, and murdered bodies along their trail, but Christianity was not destroyed. Heroes and leaders arose who were brave and dauntless and selfless, who clung to Mary for help. Among the many let us mention only St. Dominic, who humbly fingered the beads and repeated over and over again: "Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, NOW!" . . . Theirs was victory! . . .

Now Christians are in anguish, in danger, in the direst need of a mother's sheltering arm. During this month of October, dedicated to the Queen of the Rosary, have we not a special claim to her assistance, if we only ask it from our hearts. The rosary is a prayer which appeals to every Christian. It brings to our minds a panorama of the mysteries of the lives of Jesus and Mary, and it contains everything we want to petition for in this life.

May we ask every Reader to join us during October in the daily recitation of the rosary, to plead with Mary, Help of Christians, to save us lest we perish!

Over Oceans— Into Jungles!

THE RED CROSS IN INDIA AND AFRICA

There are today sixty-three national Red Cross societies operating throughout the world. Millions of people of every nationality, banded together under one banner, all striving for a common goal: the relief of human suffering.

Though the services rendered by these societies are of great value everywhere, there are a number of countries where they may be considered virtually indispensable. They fill a need which no other organization supplies. Particularly is this true in countries where public health has been neglected.

In India, though not neglecting other activities, the Red Cross has continued to concentrate on child welfare. This work is done through schools and through the various provincial and district branches.

It has proven of immeasurable value in rural areas where great masses of population have no conception whatever of health measures and sanitation. Through the medium of the Indian Junior Red Cross Society the following projects are carried on:

Instruction in health, child welfare, care of the sick, nutrition, first aid, and life saving.

Health propaganda by means of lectures, home visits, advice on health matters to mothers, and special processions.

Provision of school medicine chests.

Establishment of school canteens and kitchen gardens.

Gifts of scholastic supplies.

Prevention of blindness.

Clean-up campaigns in villages.

Prevention work against tuberculosis, malaria, smallpox, cholera, and plague.

In case of epidemics, the Junior Red Cross notifies the health authorities, they endeavor to have all villagers vaccinated, and to have all contaminated houses disinfected.

Organization of libraries and reading rooms.

It is a rather complete program, and has been making great strides toward betterment of the health of young and old, individuals and communities.

The Indian Red Cross is also greatly interested in maternity work. One of the chief problems in this connection is with the native midwives who in many cases do not have the faintest conception of cleanliness and sanitation. Training schools for health visitors and native midwives are supported by the Red Cross, and considerable efforts are made on behalf of maternity welfare in rural areas. Radio dialogues and special talks on maternity and child welfare are supplied to the larger broadcasting stations throughout India.

The Indian Red Cross Society is opposed to early marriage, so common in that teeming country. To combat this evil the better, the organization produced a moving picture film during the past year depicting in graphic detail the horrors of this custom.

In other far-away countries the Red Cross is equally active. Along the African Gold Coast at Koforidua a welfare center has been established which, during the first eight months of 1938, attended to 8,924 children and 4,938 expectant mothers. Other welfare centers have been established at Cape Coast, Sekondi, and Shama, and these are doing splendid work in their communities.

In Kenya the Red Cross is also active. Lectures and practical demonstration in first aid are conducted in widely separated parts of the colony. Courses in home nursing are also popular.

In the field of child welfare the Red Cross maintains a clinic for native babies at Nakura. This is attended by an average of 150 babies a week.

Nyasaland is another area to which the Red

Cross is slowly but surely bringing changes. One of the projects now on foot contemplates the development of native first-aid detachments. A number of natives have been trained in emergency care of the injured, while others have been instructed in tropical hygiene. It is planned to appoint these trained natives as detachment leaders, and thus a far greater number than originally trained will be enabled to participate in this Red Cross activity.

In most of these countries special efforts are now being made to build up the Junior Red Cross. As in other countries, these younger members are endeavoring to alleviate suffering and distress among their less fortunate fellow beings. There are now 690 Junior Red Cross links in South Africa, with an aggregate membership of more than 30,000.

It is in South Africa, too, that a special effort has been made to train as many persons as possible in first aid. During 1938 the Red Cross instructed 4,587 European employes of the mining industry and 22,552 natives in this subject. Because of this continued intensive endeavor, the proportion of trained native employes in some mines is as high as 98 per cent.

Another service of the South African Red Cross is the training of young women in home nursing. These are then formed into Junior Aid Detachments and, as these young women grow older, they are admitted to the adult detachments.

That, in part, is the record of the Red Cross in far countries. It is a record of service which makes for health and happiness. It is a record which has its counterpart wherever the Red Cross is found.

The American Red Cross, like its sister societies, in recent years has been faced with increasing demands. In order to comply with these, and at the same time be in a position to cope with any possible emergency that may arise as a result of the unsettled state of affairs, it is planned to enlist 1,000,000 new members during the forthcoming Roll Call. This campaign begins November 11 and ends November 30, during which period chapters the country over will extend the invitation to join their ranks.

"The scientist, as such, does not investigate God himself; he tries to understand the things that God has made, and to follow the processes that govern development. Rightly conducted such studies must lead to God. The mountains and the ocean, the sun and the rain, plants and animals, are God's creatures; and he who considers them in a reverent mood cannot rest his thoughts until they dwell on Him who made them."—Hauber, *A Catholic Opinion on the Evolution Controversy.*

A Note On Yellow Fever*

When it was definitely established that yellow fever was carried by the mosquito, *Stegomyia,* logical minds jumped to an obvious conclusion: Eliminate the mosquitoes and you eliminate the disease. But it was not to be as simple as that. Research has shown that there is more than one kind of yellow fever. Mr. W. Robert Moore includes in his "Rio Panorama," in the September issue of the *National Geographic Magazine,* some interesting sidelights on what our South American neighbors are doing to conquer the plague.

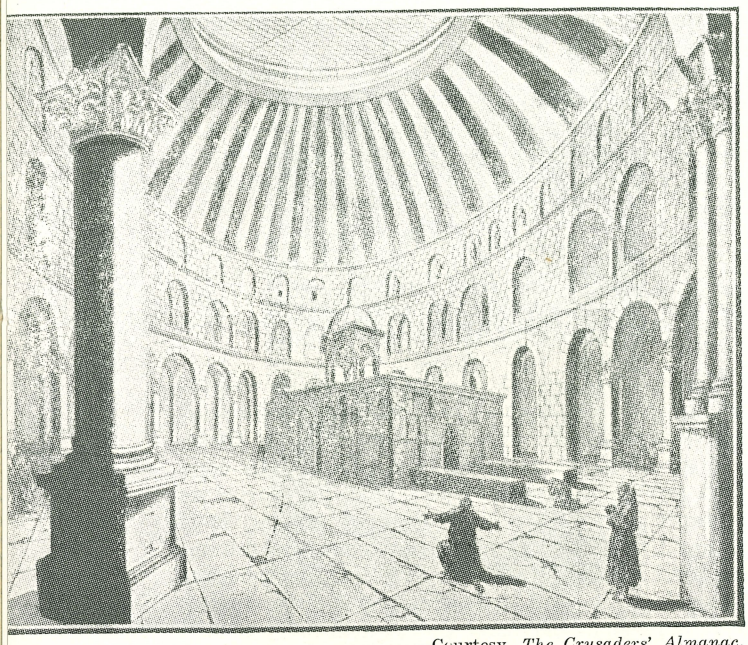
"Unlike urban yellow fever, which flourished in large centers of population and was transmitted from man to man by the mosquito *Aedes* (*Stegomyia*) *aegypti,* jungle yellow fever appears in sparsely populated districts. Monkeys and perhaps other jungle animals are infected; other mosquitoes than *Stegomyia* also are carriers. That much scientists know; there are other factors yet to be disclosed. Man's part in the cycle of infection apparently is purely accidental.

"But so long as people working in the fields close to the forests become infected, there is always the possibility that yellow fever may thus be transmitted to town. So Rio chases mosquitoes, while yellow fever specialists sweat in their laboratories to circumvent such an occurrence.

"Obviously, we can't kill off all the monkeys and mosquitoes in the vast South American jungles, but fortunately we now can vaccinate," said one of the doctors.

"Partially incubated eggs are 'needled' with fever virus; the tiny hole is sealed with paraffin, and the embryo allowed to develop for a few more days. The chick tissues are then dried, pulverized, and converted into vaccine, the virus having lost its dangerous properties to become a mildly reacting, safe immunizer. With this recently developed vaccine, more than a million persons were inoculated against jungle fever last year."

(* Quotations are made with the permission of the *National Geographic Magazine.*)



—Courtesy, *The Crusaders' Almanac.*

The Holy Sepulcher After the Crusades
(From an old print)

Pilgrimage

By
SISTER M. HELEN, R.N.
(Continued from September)

Once my American friend and I had decided to accompany each other on our tour of the holy places, it remained only to set a time. We agreed to begin that very afternoon, and started off in great anticipation under the guidance of one of the Franciscan Fathers who had generously offered his services.

Where would we go first? But, of course, to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher! and we prepared to advance along the most direct route. But here was where our faithful Franciscan saved us much time and trouble. He informed us that he who would visit the Holy Sepulcher must first secure a permit. Once the permits were secured, we wondered what we were expected to do with them. We had not long to wait until we found out—at the entrance of the church we were confronted by a tall, bronzed Mohammedan, elegantly garbed in blue military uniform and fez. He looked formidable enough from a distance but he meekly stepped aside to let us pass when we presented to him our precious slips of paper. Our guide explained that the Mohammedans have had charge of opening and closing the doors of the Holy Sepulcher since the time of Saladin.

Like crickets probing their environment with tentative feelers, we paused inside the doorway of the basilica to orientate ourselves to this new world. The brightness of the sun without made vision difficult, and the church was poorly lighted to begin with. The whole atmosphere was one of age and decay. A great circle formed the central church; from it, like stunted spokes leading from a hub, were short passages and numerous chapels, while in its center we could discern the outlines of Our Lord's tomb. Above all was the dome, bending dingy and discolored.

Our way led through the "Chapel of the Angel," and here we paused for a moment to kneel and pray. Through a low door we could see other pilgrims kneeling before the tomb; opposite, on a small platform, an Armenian priest was visible—he, too, was praying.

We waited until the preceding group had passed on, then bending almost double to get through the rough rock opening, we went forward to take their places.

A marble slab covers the rock on which Our Lord's body was placed, and over this is an altar. The same thrill of awe and joy and reverence that had come over me when for the first time I sighted Jerusalem, filled me once more as I knelt before this spot where they had "laid the Lord." It is a sacred place.

The tomb is the only part of the church which is common property—the numerous chapels are all divided among the various Christian sects. Even here there are suspended from the ceiling twenty-six golden lamps, each belonging to a different denomination. The tomb itself is only about six feet square—as we glanced about, we saw other pilgrims waiting to enter. So, after reverently kissing the stone, we left, resolving to return the next day.

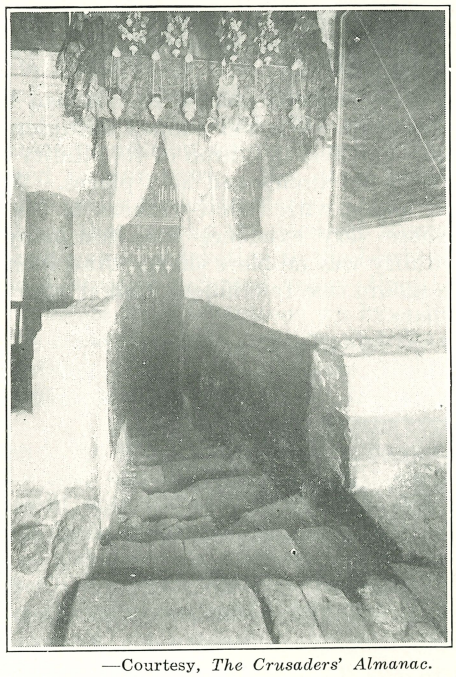
Our guide now directed us several yards to the right and up a flight of stairs—we were on our way to Golgotha. Our first stop was in the chapel in charge of the Greeks, the "Chapel of the Raising of the Cross." An imposing mosaic of this scene, looming up behind the altar, gave a startling significance to the simple silver disc beneath its shadow which is believed to mark the actual spot where Our Lord's cross stood. We took turns looking through the small opening which has been left in the metal plate: below, clearly discernible, were naked rocks scarred by a jagged cleft.

Just adjacent to this, the entrance to a second chapel was visible, and we made our way toward it. By this time our eyes had become accustomed to the dim light, and we had no difficulty in distinguishing a small altar in the passageway—the "Altar of the Stabat Mater." Here there was no mosaic, but rather a statue—a statue heavy and gleaming with stones and jewels of every description, accumulated throughout the ages, gifts of pilgrims who wished to leave some token to the Sorrowful Mother.

It was only a few steps more to the "Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross," which is claimed by the Latins. In architecture and size it was very similar to its neighbor. Here, too, there was a mosaic of the scene which gave the chapel its name, rising up behind the altar, and from the entrance we could look across into the "Choir of the Crusaders," the property of the Greeks.

But now the spirit of exploration was upon us, and we set forth to investigate the many little side chapels, belonging to the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts. Our enthusiasm was doomed to be short-lived. To us, strangers from the occident, the mass of trimmings and decorations that were hung at every conceivable angle and tucked into every available corner, gave an effect of heaviness that was difficult to shake off. Huge candelabras bearing numerous lamps were cramped into spaces already overcrowded, and many of these were further burdened with dangling strips of tinsel and colored balls!

Once more we set our steps toward a definite goal, the "Chapel of the Apparition of Jesus to His Mother." It lies just north of the tomb,



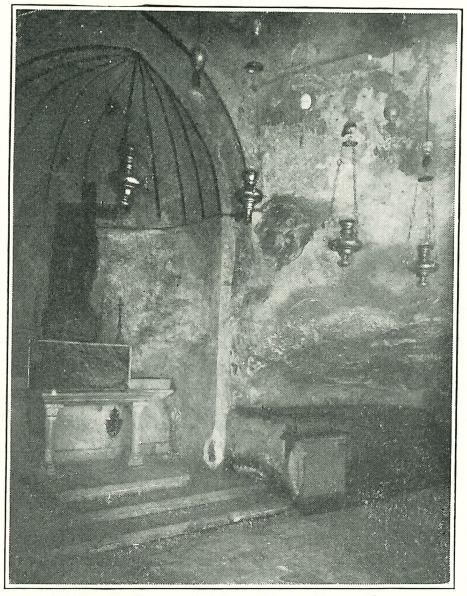
—Courtesy, *The Crusaders' Almanac.*

Ancient Stairs Leading Down to Chapel of the Holy Cross

the possession of the Franciscans. We drew a deep breath—this was *home!* In contradistinction to the surroundings, the plainness of the chapel was almost severe—yet it was a severity that was beautiful, like the edge of a blade, keen and true.

But we had set out as pilgrims, not critics, and there was still much to be seen. A quick circuit which led us down a flight of stairs behind and to the left of the tomb brought us through the "Chapel of the Holy Cross," or the "Chapel of St. Helena," as it is also called. It was here that St. Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine, discovered the true cross in the fourth century. Now this spot is the property of the Armenians. It, too, was devoid of all decoration, its walls and ceiling of stolid rock blackened by the smoke of candles and torches.

Once more we were back in the main rotunda, once more our eyes swept around the limits of



—Courtesy, *The Crusaders' Almanac.*

The Chapel of the Finding of the Cross

this massive hub. There were so many passages still unexplored—I looked toward my companions, then started in the direction of one of the black openings. No one stopped me, so on I went—but I can vouch that passages of this sort are not to be visited without a guide, and certainly not without a light! Going in was not difficult; after all, passing from dim light into dimmer light presents no problem, but once in blackness, it was not easy to find even dimness once more! It seemed ages before I was able to grope my way back into the church, and I ventured on no further exploratory forays!

There were no services going on at this time of the day (between 2 and 4 p. m.), and the pilgrims were few and far between. Except for the noise raised by a band of workmen engaged in putting up some ugly-looking beams to support the masonry walls, everything was quiet as we continued our tour, spot by spot and niche by niche, until our guide was willing to give his assurance that we had seen everything of real interest.

And so we left to seek other shrines. Our path led us on sacred soil—the "Via Dolorosa"—until at last we reached the "Basilica of the

Ecce Homo'' in the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion. This convent is in the hands of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion, an order founded by the Rev. Theodore Ratisbonne for the conversion of the Jews. At present the sisters have here an orphanage and a school for Arab Christians, since, as they told us, they were unable to get any Jewish children.

The whole place is redolent of antiquity. Recent archæological discoveries in the convent have proved beyond controversy that it was here in the court of Antonio that Christ was judged by Pilate. Time has played queer tricks with the one-time courtyard—it has been buried until now it lies in the basement of the convent! Only the flagstones betray that it once had access to sunlight and the open air—a whole pavement of flagstones, some of them three feet square, and many bearing on their surfaces the rough outlines of games played there by Roman soldiers. Now, since the excavations of last year, several altars have been raised and Holy Mass is celebrated daily.

In the basilica itself is a large statue of the ''Ecce Homo.'' It stands over a great stone arch, one of those built by Hadrian, which looms over the main altar. Even a part of the wall of the old city is preserved at the back of the church—one lays one's hand upon the ancient stone and can almost feel the beat of the inevitable rhythm with which, not days, but centuries roll on.

Evidently our guide had determined to end our day on a less somber note. At any rate, our next stop was at the museum of the Franciscan seminary. Ancient coins, pottery, metal work—totally different aspects of the ancient past opened like new vistas before us. The ''Apothecary's Shop'' naturally caught my eye: Here there were hundreds of blue and white china urns, each decorated with some design and labeled for a different drug. They filled an entire room. Surveying this huge display of medicine containers, I could not help reflecting that certainly in those days patients must have been given enough drugs either to kill or cure!

As we left the museum, our glances turned instinctively to the western horizon. Our guide nodded: Just one more stop, and then we would turn back to the hostel. The ''one more stop'' was at the convent of some Russian nuns, not far distant. An elderly sister, garbed entirely in black, greeted us in broken English and volunteered to take us through their building. I do not know whether it was the largeness of the classrooms that emphasized the bareness, or *vice versa;* at least, there was no luxury here. We even were vouchsafed a peek into the choir, where two nuns were chanting their office. Here, too, everything was plain, yet scrupulously clean. It was our guide who explained this poverty: For several years the sisters had received no help from Russia, nor have they had vocations from their homeland for a long, long period. All of the Russian nuns are old. But now a few Arab girls have entered the community and they are thus enabled to continue their work.

And so we turned homeward. It had been a full afternoon. We had rubbed shoulders with antiquity and felt the throb of its vitality in the realness of old stones and holy places. We had clasped hands with fellow-workers in the present, whose very existence bore testimony that that vitality was no mere sham. And like Peter on the mount, we felt indeed that it was ''good to be here.''

(To be continued)

Stepping Forward in Africa

The French press, both Catholic and secular, has made much of the part played by a missionary sister in the recent adoption by the French Chamber of Deputies of a decree which will mean a step forward in the emancipation of the native women of Africa. Sister Marie André du Sacré-Coeur, a White Sister, who had earned her degree as Doctor of Law at Paris University before entering the missionary community, pleaded personally before a Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies for ''an improvement in the social condition of negro women in French Colonies.'' She had spent three years in Africa studying this particular problem.

The text of the decree, as given in *White Sisters* (September-October), is as follows:

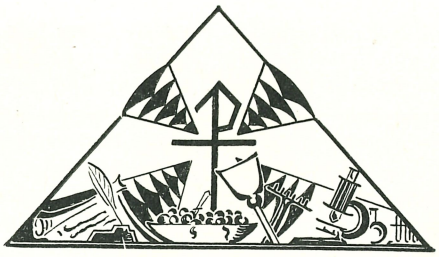
''Article I.—In French West Africa and in French Equatorial Africa, no marriage may be contracted by a woman under fourteen full years of age, by a man under sixteen.

''Article II.—The consent of both parties is indispensable to the validity of the marriage.

''Article III.—The Minister for the Colonies is responsible for the enforcement of the above decree, which shall be published in the Official Publications of the French Republic and of the Colonies affected and inserted in the *Official Bulletin* of the Ministry for Colonial Affairs.''

The decree is dated Paris, June 15, 1939, and is signed by Albert Lebrun.

The Fourth Dimension



It happens quite frequently. Some one will come up to us very politely: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me what sisters you are?" And then we explain, "We are Medical Mission Sisters." There is a vague response. We continue: "We do medical work in the missions. Our sisters qualify themselves as doctors, nurses, pharmacists—for all branches of the medical profession." We watch them as comprehension struggles to become manifest. Doctor—sister—they grasp the idea. And then thoughts begin to play tag upon their faces. The reasons pro, the reasons con, the just plain reason—heighth, breadth, depth—we are tempted to give them that other dimension, to say, simply: "For I do always the things that please Him." But it would sound too irrelevant, it would be too difficult to explain. As a retreat master once said, to understand "is not easy—but it is simple." And so when the almost inevitable "Why?" comes, we laugh, and tell of medical conditions in mission countries and try to show the need of our work. But it is good when some one really understands.

Perhaps that is why the Medical Missionaries have such a special devotion to the Little Flower. We have already referred many times to the many delicate little attentions we have received on days associated with her life and death and canonization. Our old novitiate building in Washington was named for her. Let us tell you a story:

Once there was an invalid who needed help, but the task was not one to attract volunteers. She was ill, with the querulousness to which even the best intentioned unconsciously give way in times of sickness. And she was old; her ways were set and sometimes even eccentric. "Her stool had to be moved and carried in a particular way, and on no account must there be any hurry."

Yet a volunteer stepped forward. "It cost me a good deal to offer my services, for I knew the difficulty, or I should say the impossibility, of pleasing the poor invalid. But I did not want to lose such a good opportunity, for I recalled Our Lord's words: 'As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me.'"

The invalid was an aged Carmelite; the volunteer, Soeur Therese of Lisieux. And of this incident the latter further writes in her "Autobiography": "One cold winter evening I was occupied in the lowly work of which I have spoken, when suddenly I heard in the distance the harmonious strains of music outside the convent walls. I pictured a drawing-room, brilliantly lighted and decorated, and richly furnished. Young ladies, elegantly dressed, exchanged a thousand compliments, as is the way of the world. Then I looked on the poor invalid I was tending. Instead of sweet music I heard her complaints, instead of rich gilding I saw the brick walls of our bare cloister, scarcely visible in the dim light. The contrast was very moving. Our Lord so illuminated my soul with rays of truth, before which the pleasures of the world are but as darkness, that for a thousand years of such worldly delights, I would not have bartered even the ten minutes spent in my act of charity."

This was the Little Flower's view of things, and in a more or less generous measure it is that of every soul consecrated to the service of God. Saint Therese's measure was far beyond the average, her aspirations embraced every apostolate in every clime and time: "I feel called to the Priesthood," she says, "and to the Apostolate—I would be a Martyr, a Doctor of the Church. I should like to accomplish the most heroic deeds—the spirit of the Crusader burns within me, and I long to die on the field of battle in defense of Holy Church. . . .

"Like the Prophets and Doctors, I would be a light unto souls, I would travel to every land to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and raise on heathen soil the glorious standard of Thy Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would spread the Gospel to the ends of the earth, even to the most distant isles. I would be a Missionary, not for a few years only, but, were it possible, from the beginning of the world till the consummation of time. . . .

"I feel that my mission is soon to begin—my mission to make others love God as I love Him . . . to teach souls my *little way*. . . . I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth. . . . No, there can be no rest for me until the end of the world. But when the Angel shall have said: 'Time is no more!' then I shall rest, then I shall be able to rejoice, because the number of the elect will be complete."

St. Therese is very really the patroness of missionaries. She lived and labored, in deed or desire, in all dimensions!

The Tale O'Timothy

By

HELEN LALINSKY, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Subject and Author

Two months before we knew Timothy, we became acquainted with his mother, Satara. Satara was comely, Satara was graceful; among Indian girls her equal would be hard to find. As far as beauty was concerned, very little was wanting, but Satara labored not, neither did she spin—she merely sat. What went on beneath her lovely raven tresses was difficult to try to fathom. We did know that the poor girl was involved in one of those eternal triangles which made the advent of Timothy unwanted. Not that this lamentable situation caused her any vexation. Despite efforts on the part of the nurses to keep her occupied with light work she was quite content to placidly do nothing. Once she was found in the ward lackadaisically pulling tow (a kind of fiber which must be disentangled and straightened) between her toes. She had been shown the proper way to handle it, but preferred to use her own method with the aid of her feet—apparently she thought that a physiological distribution of labor was better than taxing any one part of the body!

One hot, sunny day little Timothy arrived. He was a delight to the eyes. He weighed seven pounds (which is large for an Indian baby—the average one weighs six pounds), was shades lighter than his mother, and his head was covered with a luxuriant growth of black, silky hair. But this beautiful, soft, chubby, little mass of humanity failed to evoke any response from Satara. The fact that the first-born was a son, and of light complexion, too, would have been enough to melt any frozen heart but it failed to work the desired effect upon her. She was adamant in her determination to forget his very existence. Her face was a study in immobility when she contemplated her little son, which she did infrequently and unwillingly. There was no affection in her gaze. An occasional shrug of the shoulders was the only sign of recognition she gave him. Then quite suddenly, Satara packed her belongings, excluding her son, and departed post-haste for parts unknown. We never heard of, or from, her again.

Timothy, at the age of two weeks, had all the promise of the vim and vigor of a normal, well developed, well nourished little Indian baby. This was at least in part due to the fact that his mother had been properly fed for two months before his coming. So many Indian women are malnourished, and the results are strikingly evident in their children. Timothy's weight climbed steadily. But many are the trials and vicissitudes besetting the path of an infant reared in India, especially one doomed to be bottle-fed. One juggles the calories, provides half an alphabet of vitamins, tries a whole gamut of dried milks, or the milk of cows, goats and buffaloes, and yet weight increase is often conspicuous by its absence. Few and far between are the green pastures seen by cows in India, and the quality of the milk does not begin to compare with the milk of real dairy herds. Not infrequently, one buys cow's milk from a supposedly reliable source and finds later that it contains one-third to one-half buffalo milk. Pasteurized milk from the Government dairies is more expensive but safe and is on the whole the best obtainable here.

After his mother's departure Timothy set out on a tantalizing career. After weeks of indecision during which the scales played see-saw with his weight, he finally took a turn for the better on cow's milk. One redeeming feature about him was that he always took his bottle and did not have to be coaxed or tube fed as scores of other babies. He swallowed his cod liver oil with one gulp manfully, and smiled sweetly after his orange and tomato juice. He was the best natured baby in the nursery and smiled at the slightest provocation. But along came an ear infection and again he suffered a set-back. When this was better he had an attack of bronchitis. Yet these few germs seemed only to try his mettle and proved to be but temporary detours on his road to glowing health. He was vaccinated at a much earlier age than American children with no ill effects. (Early vaccination is very important in India because of the prevalence of and early exposure to smallpox.) By the time he was four months old, Timothy weighed eleven pounds and still displayed that angelic smile which at times developed into a wide grin or a contented chuckle.

One day a missionary priest working in a far distant district met an Indian Catholic couple of moderate means who were very eager to

adopt a boy—they had one little girl of ten. Timothy needed a home and loving care, so it was decided that the baby was to go to them. The future foster parents, accompanied by their daughter, arrived to see their prospective son. They were ushered into the nursery by one of the sisters and led to Timothy's cot, where he lay peacefully asleep. A murmur was audible—something about wanting a lighter colored baby, yet as shades go, Timothy was ten degrees lighter than either of them! Just then the unsuspecting baby awoke, stared at the new faces above him a little quizzically, and then true to habit, his contagious smile beamed forth and saved the day. His happy countenance was irresistible and the change of heart was instant and complete. The little ten-year-old daughter especially fairly bubbled with delight at the prospect of having this precious infant as her very own brother.

All three stayed on and on, spellbound, at his side. Finally we persuaded them to come into the formula room to receive minute instructions in the intriguing mystery of preparing his bottles. Over and over again the nurses demonstrated the proper care of the baby. The father was much more intelligent than the mother, and being better educated, he understood more readily the necessity of boiling the milk and water, and the importance of providing a suitable diet with sufficient vitamins.

The question in our minds was, would Timothy "make the grade" if he were adopted. He had received the best of nursing care while in the hospital, and even then had had illnesses. His foster parents might have the best intentions, and might do all they possibly could for him, but rearing a baby in India is an undertaking fraught with many difficulties. The milk might be unsafe, the water impure, superstitious customs and beliefs questionable, germs, worms and parasites might lurk in unexpected corners. Suppose that despite all precautions, Timothy did contract pneumonia, or serve as a juicy tidbit for the omnipresent *Anopheles* mosquito, or harbor a typhoid germ or an *Endamoeba histolytica,* not to mention the hundred and one ailments to which babies are susceptible and which they do contract in the tropics, he would be miles away from any hospital, especially from ours. Nevertheless, this was his chance and we had to bid him Godspeed. In apparel befitting royalty, and with some ceremony, too, he left the hospital, but not our thoughts. Would we never hear of him again, or would his parents keep us informed as they had promised?

They did. One bright sunny day about four months later, a letter written in English (it had obviously been translated by a *babu* in the native bazaar) came from his parents, who enclosed a photograph of "their darling." The photograph was not a bit clear, but one could get some impression of the baby's size. They boasted proudly of his progress and were happy to report that he had cut four teeth, weighed eighteen pounds and was doing nicely. To quote the letter: "We are all healthy and wealthy by the grace of God and Xavier."

Adrian Atiman, Doctor and Catechist

The English magazine, *White Sisters,* for September-October, has a feature article on a native African convert who became Doctor and Catechist to his people in Central Africa. The faithful "servant," as he styled himself, died this year after fifty years of professional duty in his chosen field.

"Adrian was born in the Sudan and ransomed at Metlili by Fathers Deguerry and Delaunay. He recalls quite well how he was captured by the Tuaregs and how, when his village of Tundurma was sacked and pillaged, he was carried off to Timbuctoo with the other prisoners. At Timbuctoo he was sold for a bar of salt, a yard long at most. His master joined a caravan to cross the Sahara as far as Metlili. He was not ill-treated, but, puny little creature that he was, he was set on a camel's back like part of the baggage. . . . He must have been ransomed by the White Fathers about 1875." Father Welfele, the author of the article, was personally acquainted with his subject, and wrote the brief biography before the old man's death.

After his ransom, Adrian was sent to school and ultimately was chosen to go to Malta for further studies. In 1882 he was baptized; from that year until 1888 he attended University. Father Welfélé continues:

"In 1888 he left Malta with his companions for Rome, on the occasion of the Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII. . . . As Cardinal Lavigerie had imparted to the Holy Father his intention of sending out native doctors to Central Africa, three of those who had studied in Malta were chosen then and there. The choice fell on Charles Faraghit, Joseph Gatchi, and Adrian Atiman. . . . From Rome, the three 'Doctor-Catechists' (this is how they liked to be styled), went to Paris to assist at the Consecration of Bishop Bridoux, appointed Vicar Apostolic of Tanganyika.

"The date of departure for the Great Lakes was fixed for July, 1888 . . . the last stage of their journey brought them to Karema on 3rd March, 1889.

(*Continued on page* 155)

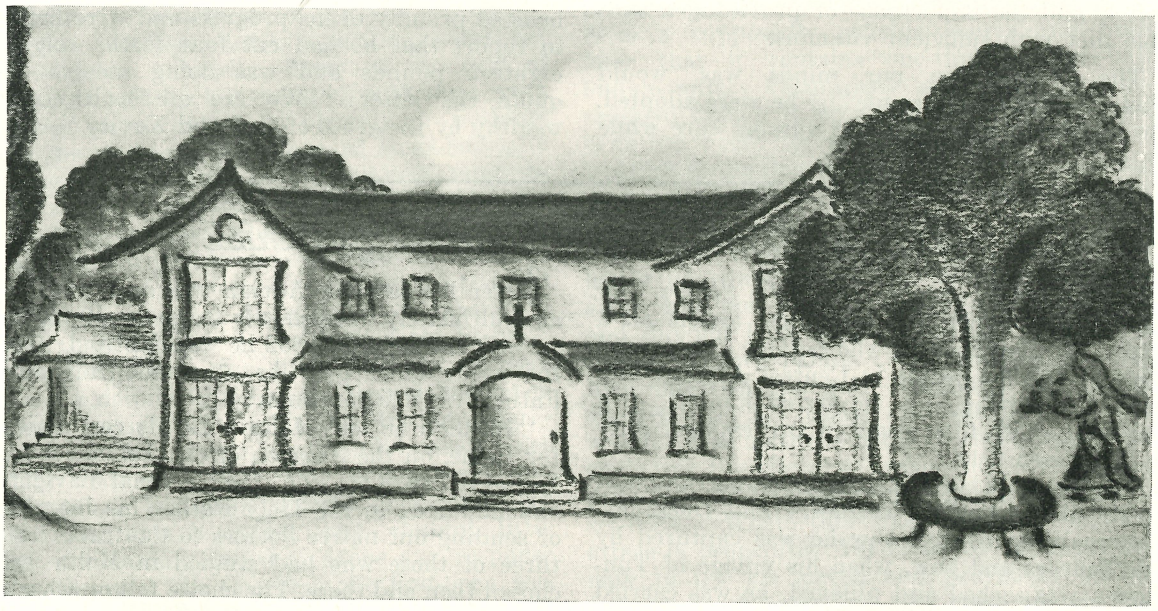
at home and abroad

America

Medical Mission House
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, Washington, D. C.

Books and baggage—and personnel—are still flying back and forth between the new house and the old, so that it is practically impossible to tell just where Washington news stops and Philadelphia news begins! And so for the time being, at least, we shall have "two houses with but a single column"!



An artist's conception of our new Motherhouse

"You're invited . . ."

First of all we must tell you of a change of date for our "Open House." Last month our "rear guard" reminded you that they would be expecting you on the third of October. But this date falls on a Tuesday, and many of our friends regretted that work would make it impossible for them to be present. And so, because we are sincere in our hope of having the opportunity of welcoming every one of you who can possibly be free to our new home, we have changed the date to Sunday, October 8. The hours will be from 10 to 5, and the members of our very energetic Philadelphia Auxiliary have volunteered to take complete charge of arrangements.

A day for Sisters

We have mentioned before the debt of gratitude we owe to sisters of other religious orders, who, far and wide (for a Medical Missionary must often travel), have granted us hospitality, sometimes for a day, sometimes over night, sometimes even for a week and more, always graciously.

On September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, we held a special "open house" for those sisters who lived in the vicinity. It was a Friday, and school had just begun. Many were not free until late in the afternoon. Yet we were happy to welcome a goodly number to the home which they, too, had had a share in helping us secure. But the vast majority of our sister-helpers were not even within traveling distance of Philadelphia. To them we send the message that they, too, have been welcomed to our Philadelphia house, and have their share in all our works and prayers.

School days . . .

September 1 saw our two internes, Dr. Leonie Tummers and Dr. Elise Wijnen, return to their posts at St. Joseph's Hospital in Baltimore, Md., and Philadelphia General Hospital, in Philadelphia, Pa., respectively. On Labor Day our two student nurses, Sisters M. Theophane and M. Michael, celebrated their first birthday in training at Providence hospital, here in Washington, by welcoming another Medical Missionary into their ranks. Sister M. Rose will have completed her first month by this time, and in another week or so will be ready to don her white habit and begin "ward duty."

Sister M. Barbara left the Washington house on September 14 to register as a "freshman" at Women's Medical School in Philadelphia. And on the 21st of last month Sisters M. Joan and M. Clare started classes at Trinity college in Washington. The era of school schedules has verily begun!

. . . but we still can celebrate!

"All work and no play . . ." so the old axiom runs, and so we have our celebrations, too. On September 30 the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries was 14 years old. The day happened to coincide with the date set for the annual baked bean luncheon, given by the members of the Washington Auxiliary, and so it was arranged to combine the two and have a "baked bean birthday party." Mrs. Callahan, the president of the unit, provided a handsomely trimmed cake with the traditional candles, and even the little brown beans, so often associated with homely Saturday night suppers, took on a festive appearance. It is good to rejoice together. . . .

No News From Europe

This month there is no news from Europe—no report of the progress of our English house in the London suburb of Osterley, no account of unique or amusing events which always mark the beginnings of a new foundation, from our pioneers in Holland. It is a mute testimony to a great tragedy. To those of you who have "adopted" the Medical Mission Sisters as your own, to whom we have become "your family," we give an invitation to join us in the prayers we offer for our sisters in England and Holland. Each morning after Holy Mass we petition Our Lady in the simple words of the "Memorare" to take care of them. You can join us, too. Won't you?

India

Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road, Rawalpindi

Home Remedies

Sister M. Camillus, having, with Sister M. Vincent, successfully passed the examinations given at the end of the first half of the three years of training, is now well on the way to being a full-fledged R. N. But like "ships, and shoes and sealing wax," the little things go on. For instance:

Mitford Municipal Hospital
Dacca, Bengal

"A few days ago a woman came to St. Francis Dispensary with an infected finger. I asked to have a look at it. Said finger was produced neatly encased in a raw egg! She had made a hole in the shell large enough to permit the aching member to be inserted. And when I asked her why she had done that, she informed me that it was 'just one of her little home remedies!' I suppose if it had been her foot

that was infected, she would have been literally walking on eggs!''

Condition-al First Aid!

Sister Camillus also gives us the following incident: ''It was shortly after noon one day when we got a phone call from a man who gave his whereabouts as the second class waiting room of the railroad station. According to his story, a woman there needed medical attention immediately. I asked for more details. Little by little the story was told: The woman was his wife. The trouble, an ear-ache. The duration of the malady—about one week. They did not live in Pindi, but were merely changing trains.

''So then I dared to inquire when their train was due. 'At 6:30,' was the reply. I drew a deep breath. 'And can't you come over to the hospital?' I asked. His reply at least was to the point. 'You see,' he explained, 'it's a bit hot traveling, and we didn't want any extra trouble, so we thought you wouldn't mind coming down!' ''

Out of the shadow . . . Sister Ignatius Marie with her hands full!

. . . and conditional "lemon-ade," too!

It was Sister M. Stephanie who was telling the sisters of her adventures of the day. She had been walking for hours making house calls, and was very thirsty, when she heard the splash of water. With a deep ''Deo gratias'' she sought the family that owned the well. The people were overjoyed when she asked for a drink. It seems it is good luck for a person of higher rank to drink out of the family cup. And just to prove how truly honored they felt, they put a few spoonfuls of sugar in!

It was at this point that Sister Alma Julia was heard to murmur: ''Now, if only they had had a little lemon!''

Philosophy

After a period of several months, Sister M. Ann writes once more to tell us that things still happen at the dispensary. For instance, there was the woman who limped in ''after hours,'' with an infected toe. ''I treated her,'' writes Sister, ''and while talking to her, I expressed sympathy that she had to walk home. But my condolences were wasted! She told me that she did not mind, provided that she could still *sit* comfortably!''

A husband ought to know!

And then there was the patient who appeared at the dispensary with a letter from her husband. In it the good man asked us to give her every assistance in our power, as she was ''an indignate woman!'' (Of course, he meant ''indigent''!)

Padre Sahib would!

''An old grandfather brought a little child in today,'' Sister Ann continues, ''and told us his name was Jalal. I knew them to be Christians, and as I looked up in surprise, he confided, 'But Padre Sahib calls him Patrick!'

''This frequently occurs—that the natives keep on using their old Hindu names.

''Another little Christian lad came in yesterday and told me he had '*bara bukhar*' (fever). I glanced down and noticed his thumb. It was badly infected, but he persisted that 'that is not the trouble. Only the fever bothers me.' However, we attacked both troubles!''

Tapering in

''Many of the school children crowd in these days. On Monday three of them stopped by and reported that the youngest had a pain in his tummy. He did not seem to have anything wrong with him, so we gave him a small dose of milk of magnesia. That apparently was not so welcome, but the others insisted!!! In fact, they urged the little lad on by counting: ''One, two, three—hurry up—four, five—six—you must finish it quickly!''

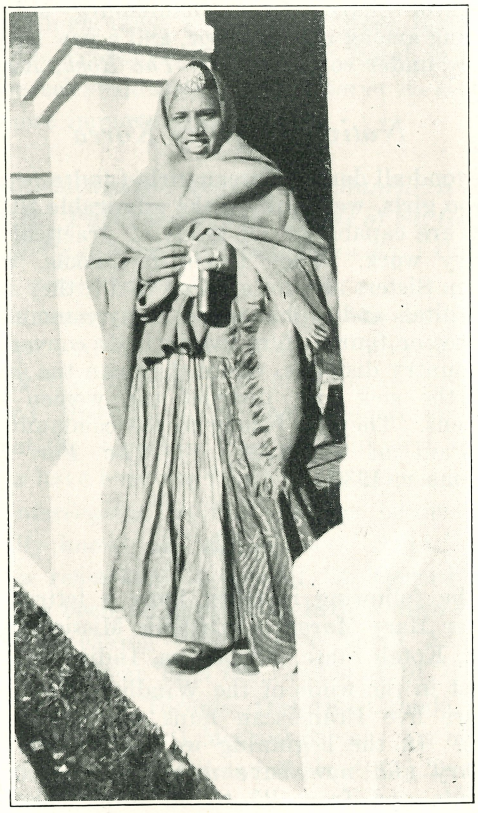
The next day they appeared again, but the malady had changed. Yakub was now suffering from a cough—in fact, they all had coughs, and would I please give them cough lozenges? Well, with such old friends and steady customers, what could I do?''

Just to remind you . . .

. . . what summer is like (see inside of back cover) we will quote this graphic bit of description from one of Sister Margaret Mary's letters:

"Speaking of weather, heat, flies and mosquitoes! There is a special abundance of the latter and nets are in vogue! Techniques of getting under and out from under are varied and some quite new! The heat is almost here. That 'almost,' I am afraid, would meet with objections from some of the sisters, especially the newcomers. One thinks that in the light of temperature fluctuations, the mosquito netting is equivalent to a blanket!"

And Dr. Lalinsky adds her bit to the unofficial weather bureau reports: "Our hospital is at present quite full—fifty in-patients,. That is rather unusual for a season of the year when the mercury starts soaring, and Indians with

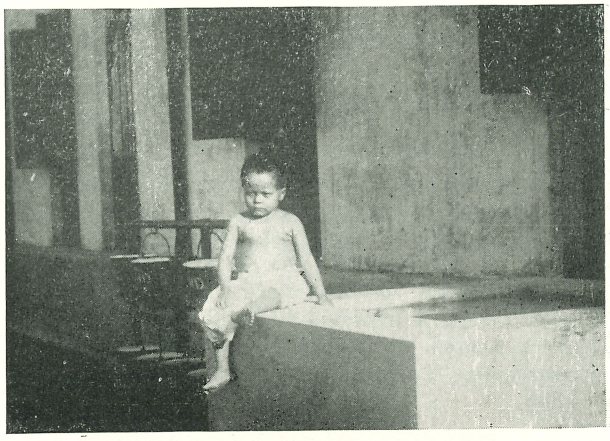


Smile? Why not? She can still *sit* comfortably

only a few *annas* (an *anna* is worth about two cents) begin to board the lorry (we would say 'bus'!) for the cool, healthy atmosphere of the hills, just two hours' distant. It was 97° in the shade yesterday. In the sun?!! One begins to get what Sister Francis used to call that 'steam-roller feeling' in the mornings, and between 2 and 4 in the afternoon, one feels absolutely enervated. We are using mosquito nets regularly now, as the little fellows have begun their serenading with a vengeance."

Action!

In the light of such reports, it is a little easier to understand the complicated teamwork in-



Padre Sahib calls him Patrick . . .

volved in the simple process of digging a hole, described by Sister Pauline:

"There is quite a babble on Murree road—we had to go out on a call just now and had quite a time dodging buffaloes, donkeys, bullock teams, people, cycles, and such. Along the way some men were building a new house, a big structure. One laborer was knee-deep in the mud he was mixing (to replace the cement he should have been using!). They were sifting the sand through a string *charpoi*—and here is an idea for digging in the garden. One man ties a piece of rope on the shovel and stands opposite the man *supposed* to be doing the spading. As the latter digs the shovel in, the other helps him by pulling the rope! Real teamwork!"

Adrian Atiman, Doctor and Catechist

(*Continued from page* 151)

"The Mission diary of Karema tells us that the young negro doctor set to work without delay, under the guidance of his former Superior at Malta, Father Josset. . . . Adrian, we are told, began before long to go on his 'rounds' outside Karema, a medicine-case hung over his shoulder. His skill soon won him the confidence of these distrustful peoples, witness the fact that they began to bring to him at Karema all who were badly in need of attention. . . .

"He has received several honors. In 1912 he received the medal *'pro Ecclesia et Pontifice';* in 1921, three decorations from the Belgian Government. In 1936, he was awarded the Jubilee Medal of King George V."

Medical Mission Notes

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Course in First Principles of Medicine for Missionaries in Lille.

The medical faculty at the Catholic University of Lille organized for the fifteenth time a practical medical course for missionaries and their helpers, from September 1 until October 15. The mornings are devoted to clinical service, medicine and general surgery, eye diseases, syphilis, tuberculosis, etc.

Demonstrations take place in the afternoon. In case the number of pupils is too large, the group is divided during the demonstrations and practical applications. At the close of the course and after all the necessary examinations have been taken, a diploma of medical formation is given, which is recognized in several mission countries.—*Les Missions Catholiques,* August, 1939.

Statistics

In China the Sisters of Charity number 401, of whom 237 are Chinese. They went to Cathay in 1848—the first Sisters to take up mission work in that country. There they conducted forty-one hospitals where last year 35,370 patients were treated; besides, treatments were extended to six thousand inmates of fifteen different prisons. Last year their baptisms alone totaled 23,283—a glorious ladder by which these soldiers of the mission may mount to a joyous reward.—*The Field Afar,* September, 1939.

Leprosarium in Colombo

The Hendala Leprosarium near Colombo recently celebrated the silver jubilee of the arrival of the Franciscan Sisters Missionaries of Mary. Archbishop Masson, O.M.I., of Colombo presided at the ceremonies and visited the hospital. Among the orators of the day was a Mohammedan, an inmate of the leprosarium for 50 years. In his forceful speech he drew a contrast of the institution in its first quarter of a century under secular administration and the past 25 years in the care of the Sisters who bestowed their kindest solicitude upon all the lepers irrespective of religion, and who made them at home as in one family. The Sisters were also the subject of sincere eulogy in the address delivered by the Director, Dr. Bartholomeusz.—*Mary Immaculate,* September, 1939.

Charity in China

The noted Chinese author Cheng Tzu-yu is a recent convert to the Church. And his conversion caused no little furore in Amoy. Writer of several works of an anti-Christian and leftist radical nature, Mr. Cheng was brought into close contact with the Church as a refugee during the past year. He experienced the Christ-like charity of the missioners. And the result was a complete change of outlook and heart. One more instance of Catholic charity breeding conversion.—*Catholic Missions,* Aug.-Sept., 1939.

Kanchow in Kiangsi

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Mgr. O'Shea, Vicar Apostolic of Kanchow, Kiangsi (China), serves to recall the sterling work of His Excellency and the other American Vincentians in Kiangsi. . . .

The Sisters of St. Anne, a native community, have thrived and prospered. Its membership has increased from 30 to 40 Sisters. . . . Six Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, Md., are laboring among the sick-poor, and a new hospital is now under construction.—*The Rock,* August, 1939.

Native Sisters in Korea

Beyond all doubt, Korean girls (and especially Moppo girls, we think) make admirable Sisters. They are capable of all kinds of practical missionary work. They teach in schools, which foreign Sisters are not allowed to do; they nurse in hospitals and orphanages. Many communities of three or four Sisters live in little convents in the country districts, where they run the school, visit the sick and instruct the women catechumens. They all belong to the community of St. Paul of Chartres. . . .—*The Far East,* September, 1939.

India

(The following is taken from a letter from Mother Mary Margaret, Catholic Mission, Suket P. O., Kotah State, Rajputana, India.)

Lost in the wilds of the Windhya Mountains, we are five Franciscan nuns working for 21 years. In the beginning we had a small dispensary and now have more than 1,200 out-patients and from 25 to 30 in-patients each month. . . .

But now we need very badly a Maternity Ward. You cannot imagine, when we enter on that delicate subject of births in pagan countries, how bodies and souls tremble at hearing those atrocities to which the poor mothers and babies are submitted. I will throw a discreet veil over these details through which so many young women and babies died. It is to bring a remedy to those horrors that we see the necessity of a building for the maternity cases.—*The Lamp,* September, 1939.

In Our Library

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IT'S YOUR MASS TOO, *by Rev. Hugh Calkins, O.S.M. Published by the Perpetual Novena in Honor of Our Sorrowful Mother,* 3121 *West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.* 96 *pp.* 15 *cents —paper cover.*

This little booklet admirably tells in language unmistakably clear why we go to Mass; the meaning of the most significant movements, and prayers of the celebrant at low Mass and how to intelligently use a missal. One of the booklet's excellent features is a series of twenty full-view, full-page photographs of a priest when actually saying low Mass. The unusual angles from which these photographs were taken enable the reader to figuratively stand in front of the celebrant-priest, and observe in close-up his more important movements.

* * *

THE MOTHERS' SAINT, *by Daniel Ehman, C.SS.R. Published by the League of St. Gerard,* 131 *McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada. Price,* 5 *cents, paper cover.*

For nearly two centuries Catholic mothers of Europe and of French Canada have been invoking the Redemptorist lay-brother saint, St. Gerard Majella, to be their intercessor with God at the important time of child-birth. Marvelous have been the fruits of the saint's powerful intercession, so that he has become universally known as "the Mothers' Saint."

This remarkable power of St. Gerard however has been, in general, so little known to the English-speaking Catholics of North America, that in the year 1935 the League of St. Gerard was formed in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, with headquarters at 131 McCaul Street. Its objects in general were stated as follows: "(1) To make St. Gerard more widely known and loved, especially as 'The Mothers' Saint' . . .; (2) To combat the forces of Anti-Life . . .; (3) To help every good work possible." The League was approved and blessed by the Archbishop of Toronto, Right Reverend James C. McGuigan, D.D.

Quietly the League began to work for the attainment of its first object—"To make St. Gerard more widely known, etc." The instrument it used was a brief pamphlet entitled "The Mothers' Saint," in which the history of Saint Gerard's power in reference to motherhood was briefly given, together with a collection of prayers to the saint in various needs.

The attainment of the second object—"To combat the forces of anti-life"—was sought after by the launching of a crusade of prayer against the forces of anti-life. A prayer was composed for this purpose which received the approbation and an indulgence of 100 days from the Archbishop of Toronto. His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve of Quebec, also deigned to approve and indulgence this prayer in the French version. Pledge cards were sent out, by which crusaders promised to recite this prayer daily, thus creating an army of prayer against the forces of anti-life. By "anti-life," the League of St. Gerard understands: "all forces, propaganda, movements, agencies or crimes that directly or indirectly attack the Christian family, or debase lawful motherhood. Hence are included in this category: birth-control propaganda, practices or devices; human sterilization methods and propaganda; divorce legislation and propaganda." It is hoped that when millions of Catholics throughout the world are eventually enrolled in this crusade of prayer, a merciful God will destroy "anti-life"—from the face of the earth.

Saint Gerard is also invoked as Patron of a Good Confession and as Patron of Religious Vocations. His power with God is great and those who cultivate his friendship will find him a true friend indeed.

Your organization will never be more powerful than the spirit animating the individuals in it.

—Msgr. Corrigan.

October Mission Intention

"That Knowledge of the Missions May Be More Widely Diffused in the Press"

When the Apostleship of Prayer chose for its October mission intention the diffusion of the mission knowledge through the press, it was not known that at this time a great part of Europe would be plunged again into the savage state of war. Even now as we write the radio and the press bring hourly reports of destruction and death, and bombings—and the European war is only a few hours begun. And who knows on this September 3 when or where it will end?

What can be said of the missions now? If it is hard enough to keep them going during peaceful times, the difficulty increases a hundredfold in times of war. Not only the difficulty of supporting them, but the difficulties of the missionaries themselves who are overburdened with travelers, refugees, and people seeking a haven from the scourge of the madness that is war.

Words are powerful. When gathered together and disseminated through the press they become a weapon of such force that they are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets. It is reported that Napoleon once said he feared three hostile newspapers more than an army of great force.

The hearts of men and women will be stirred again and again when they listen to their radios and read their papers filled with the horrors of war. And yet through it all there will be found the heroism of many priests and nuns, of many lay people—here, there, everywhere—catering to the cause of the afflicted and the abandoned.

Missions will keep on growing and spreading. The Church will continue in spite of any and all wars—even wars upon the Church herself. Throughout the world the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will continue to be offered in churches—on altars constructed in fields and by the side of fallen buildings. God does not want war. War does not come from God. It comes from inside a man. If only the press would take to itself an extension of the October intention, not only that the knowledge of the missions may be more widely diffused through the press, but that the knowledge of God, of His Church, His Commandments, His Sacraments, may be better understood and loved by His Catholic people! Thus every Catholic would become a missionary in the sense that by being a living example of the true faith he would draw to himself all those outside the Church with whom he comes in daily contact.

Let us pray in these days—pray without ceasing that instead of war propaganda in the press, Catholics will find the propaganda of the Love of God which will lead us back to Him and out of the butchery that is war. Let us pray daily for all peoples under the scourge of the conflict. No one can be indifferent to human suffering that reaches such magnitude in times of war. Surely with faith we can hope for the mercy of God to spare His people, but only if you and I and all those to whom has been given the knowledge and gift of faith live up to our obligations, and even do more by way of atonement and sacrifice for the outrages that have been mounting in the past few years against Almighty God. That God may be known and loved and adored, that Jesus Christ, King of the World and Center of all hearts, may rule again in the hearts of men—let this be our intention, and let it be diffused by all the means at our disposal through the press.—Rev. Joachim Benson, M.S. SS.T.

The Catholic Press

The president of the Catholic Action Center of the Vatican, His Eminence Guiseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, in a letter to the editor of one of the leading Catholic papers of the United States, succinctly defines the aims and purposes of the Catholic Press in these few well-chosen words:

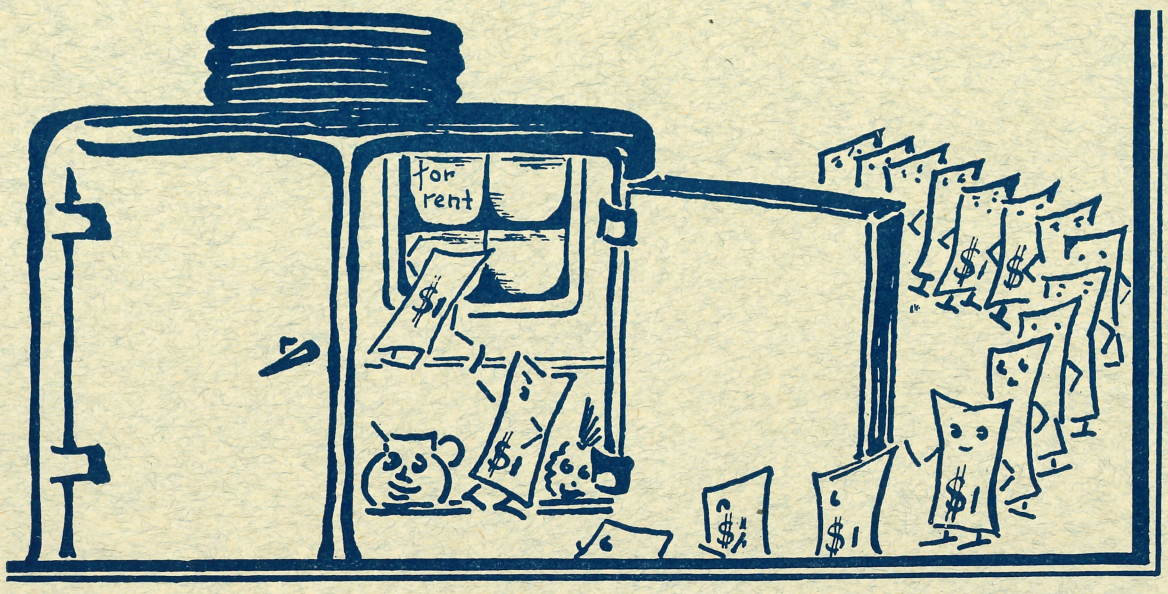
"The Catholic Press, although it does and should deal with various questions of widely differing interest, must have as its supreme aim the good of souls, and should see and present all matters in the light of Christian truth. It should endeavor to foster that devotion to the Holy Father and the See of Rome, that affectionate submission to the Bishops, which are the necessary foundations of the apostolate of the laity. It should fire its reader with zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, seeking to bring under His royal standard their own souls and their own lives, their families and society in general. In this way they will be filled with the spirit of the early Christians who, because they had 'but one heart and one soul,' could bring about the Christian restoration of society, a restoration which is necessary not only for the well being of the Church but for the true prosperity of their country."

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Very Rev. Msgr. Thomas O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sister M. Berchmans, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Imelda, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Elodie, Hartford, Conn.
Miss Mary Theresa Merns, Troy, N. Y.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord:
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.



Now, the summer's been right tepid, and although it's almost past,
Yet the future holds another—even winter cannot last
More than seventeen or twenty weeks, and then, you mark my word,
It's the fellow who has looked ahead who's like the early bird!
And the worm we have to offer is at once unique and rare—
It's a chance to buy a corner in our brand new frigidaire!
Just one dollar will entitle you to claim a new "cubette"*—
It's something new and all our own—the best investment yet!
We'll put your name above your stall—it's more than worth the price,
With temperature at 116, to say: "Hoot! I'm on ice!"

(*We also have special six-cube compartments for $5.00 for large families.)

DEAR DOCTOR DENGEL:

Inclosed please find $..... for ..... {cubette(s) / compartment(s)} in your new Frigidaire. We assure you that the gift is warmly given, even if it must be "on ice."

Sincerely,

.....

.....

.....

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE
8400 PINE ROAD, FOX CHASE
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